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THE
Oxfordshire Contest:
OR THE
WHOLE CONTROVERSY
BETWEEN
The Old and New Interest.

CONTAINING,
Great Variety of WIT, HUMOUR, and
ARGUMENT; LETTERS, SONGS, &c.

Faithfully and impartially collected; and dig-
gested in proper ORDER.

MANY OF WHICH
Have been industriously handed about by the GEN-
TLEMEN on both Sides of the Question; and
are now published by particular Desire.

L O N D O N:

Printed for W. OWEN, near *Temple Bar*; and
Sold by the Booksellers of *Oxford*. 1753.

[Price One Shilling.]

THE
Oxfordshire Controversy

OR THE
WHOLE CONTROVERSY

BETWEEN

The Old and New Society

CONTAINING

Great Vindication of the Old Society, and
Account of the New Society, &c.

By the Rev. Mr. [Name], and
[Name], &c.

AND OF WHICH

There is a full and complete
Account in the [Name] and
[Name] &c.

LONDON

Printed by [Name], in [Name] Street, [Name] [Name] [Name]

1733

Advertisement.

G*REAT* Inquiries having been made after as many of the following Pieces as have already appeared in Print, and many Gentlemen having earnestly desired that they might be collected, in order to oblige such of their Friends as live in remote Parts of the Country: To gratify the Impatience of the Public, to give the Curious an early Opportunity of seeing the various Productions of the Learned on this Occasion, and without the least Intention of giving Umbrage to the Gentlemen of either the OLD or the NEW INTEREST, we have collected and put in proper Order, with the utmost Impartiality, the various Pieces which have already come to our Knowledge: And such Pieces as may hereafter appear, shall be preserved and published with the same Care and Impartiality.

Advertisement

GREEN'S Improved
for an amount of the Public
on these terms:—
where Government having
that they might be collected, it was to a
large fund of 40,000,000 of dollars
Part of the Government
importance of the
Country an entire
various Products of the
Ore, and other
of the United States
and the Government
at the same time
with the Government
Part of the
Administration
of the Government
and the Government



T H E

Oxfordshire Contest, &c.

IT may be necessary just to observe, that about *June* or *July* last, there were good Grounds to believe that an Opposition was intended in the County of *Oxford* at the ensuing General Election; upon which, in the beginning of *August*, Notice was given for a Meeting by the following Advertisement:

To the Gentlemen, Clergy, and Freeholders
of the County of *Oxford*.

WHEREAS an Opposition is already declared against the Old Interest, and the present Members of this County, at the next General Election; you are desired to meet at the Cross Inn in *Oxford*, on Monday the 17th Instant, to consider of proper Representatives in Support of that Interest; and it is earnestly requested, that those Gentlemen whose Avocations may prevent their Personal Appearance, will be pleased to signify their Inclinations by Proxy or Letter.

This Advertisement, inserted in the Evening Papers of the 8th and 11th of August, 1752,
occasioned

occasioned the following on the 13th of the same Month:

To the Gentlemen, Clergy, and Freeholders
of the County of Oxford.

WHEREAS there is an Advertisement in the publick Papers, desiring Gentlemen to meet on the 17th at the Cross Inn in Oxford, in Support of the Old Interest; and whereas such Advertisement seems calculated to bring together a Number too small to settle who are proper Persons to represent you in the ensuing Parliament; you are therefore Earnestly desir'd to reserve Yourselfes 'till a GENERAL MEETING be appointed, at which Time the True Sense of the County may be consulted on a Point so material to ALL the Freeholders.

Oxford, Aug. 12, 1752.

N. B. The Time of a General Meeting will, in a few Days be advertised in the publick Papers.

About this Time also the following Advertisement was published:

WATLINGTON, Oxfordshire, Aug. 13, 1752.

UPON the Approach of a General Election of Members of Parliament, the Freeholders of Watlington (reckon'd superior in Number to any Town or Parish in the County) remembering the Disregard and Contempt that has been shewn towards them (how it has been to other Freeholders they best know) for many Years past, take this Opportunity

Opportunity to declare, that they are ready to give their Votes and Interest to such worthy new Candidates as shall come recommended under the Character of being well affected towards our happy Constitution in Church and State.

On the 17th of *August* the Meeting was held according to the first Notice, and on the 18th this Paragraph was inserted in the *London Evening Post*:

“ We hear from Oxford that Yesterday there was a very great Appearance of the Gentlemen, Clergy, and Freeholders of that County, who unanimously expressed their Approbation of the present Representatives, and resolved to support them in any future Election; when Mr. Bertie, chusing to decline, recommended Lord Wenman to succeed him as a Candidate with Sir James Dashwood, Bart. which Recommendation was attended with the universal Concurrence of all present.”

And in the same Paper were the following Advertisements.

To the Gentlemen, Clergy, and Freeholders of the County of Oxford.

WHEREAS I have declined standing at the next General Election for this County, I take this Opportunity of returning Thanks for all past Favours, and beg Leave to recommend my Friend and Relation Lord WENMAN, who offers himself

himself a Candidate in Conjunction with Sir JAMES DASHWOOD, Bart. I am,

Your obliged and obedient Servant,

*Oxford, Aug. 17th
1752.*

NORREYS BERTIE.

To the Gentlemen, Clergy, and Freeholders
of the County of Oxford.

*I*N pursuance of a former Advertisement, a Meeting was this Day held at the Cross Inn in Oxford, to consider of proper Candidates for the next General Election in Support of the Old County Interest; and we having had the Honour of being unanimously approved of; beg Leave to take this Method of asking the Favour of your Votes and Interest, 'till Time will admit of personal Application from,

Gentlemen,

Your obliged and obedient humble Servants,

WENMAN.

JAMES DASHWOOD.

The above Gentlemen having been nominated, and having thus declared themselves Candidates for the County, personal Application to the Freeholders was made with all possible Affiduity by themselves and their Friends, and many Treats were given on this Occasion in different Parts.

And

And in the latter End of *August*, the following Paragraph was in the London Evening Post and other publick Papers :

“ We hear from Oxford, from undoubted Authority, that Sir Edward Turner, has declined standing for that County at the next General Election, not having been able to get any one to join him ; but 'tis hoped that all the Friends to the Old County Interest, will nevertheless be on their Guard, and use their Endeavours to support the same, in case a fresh Opposition should start up.”

In the latter End of *October* the following Paragraph appear'd :

“ We hear from Watlington in Oxfordshire, that upon Friday the 27th of this Instant, the Right Hon. Earl of Macclesfield made a generous and splendid Entertainment for the Freeholders of that Place, and the adjacent Villages ; that his Lordship was met half a Mile out of Town by a numerous Appearance of Gentlemen, Clergy, and Freeholders, to the Number of 300 or upwards, who conducted his Lordship into the Town amidst the loudest Acclamations of Joy, ringing of Bells and the like ; where after Dinner his Lordship address'd himself to the Company in a pathetick and most admirable Speech : After which the Afternoon was spent in a most cheerful Manner, by drinking several Loyal Healths, and that of the Duke of Marlborough, Lord Harcourt, &c. and the Day was

concluded with Bonfires and all Demonstrations of Respect and Esteem to this Noble Lord, who by his many excellent good Qualities, and a most steady Regard to the Good of his Country, is become the Darling of all this Part of Oxfordshire."

In the succeeding Months the following Paragraphs and Advertisements were at different Times inserted in the Papers :

" Our Letters from a *certain County*, long famous for Peace, good Neighbourhood, and Unanimity, bring us, every Post, long Accounts, (tho' miserably spelt) of vast *Feasts*, fine *Speeches*, noble *Hospitality*, and miraculous Marks of *Condescension* ; in spite of all which, the *Cunning Ones* seem to doubt whether *new Sentiments* will find as easy a Passage as the *New Style* has done."

" Great Interest is making in a certain County, to induce the Freeholders to delegate their Power to a few Noble L——ds ; who, as they are the properest Judges, will no doubt fix upon the fittest Persons to represent the Commons in a future P—l—m—t."

" It is reported that many Geese, Turkies, and other Poultry, have lately died in Oxfordshire and the adjacent Counties, of a Distemper which is generally Epidemical once in Six or Seven Years. No bad Effect hath ever been observ'd to follow the Eating of them, tho' some that have *Travell'd* in that Country, say a very few Persons have lately *Keck'd* a little after them."

" A New

" A New Treatise upon the Art of Political Lying, translated by a very learned Hand from an antient Manuscript, is in great Forwardness, and daily expected to be publish'd; the four great Rules of Arithmetic, Addition, Substraction, Multiplication and Division, will be much improv'd, and a new Method given for *turning* of Tens into Hundreds; with the only true original Receipt for making of *Puffs*."

Watlington in Oxfordshire, Dec. 15. " We hear from Henley in this County, that on Wednesday the 13th Instant, the Right Hon. Lord Wenman and Sir James Dashwood, Bart. made a generous and *right English* Entertainment for the Freeholders of that Place, and of the Chiltern Part of the County. His Lordship and Sir James were met, on that spacious Approach to the Town of Henley, the Fair Mile, by a numerous, and, *even there*, a crowded Appearance of Gentlemen, Clergy, and Freeholders, to the Number of 600 or upwards, who conducted his Lordship and Sir James into the Town, amidst the loudest Acclamations of Joy, Ringing of Bells, and the like; where, after Dinner, his Lordship and Sir James addressed themselves to the Company, not in *pathetic* and most *admirable* Speeches, but in the Honesty of their true British Hearts, assured them *plainly* of their *Integrity, Steadiness, and Independence*: After which the Afternoon was spent in a most chearful Manner, by drinking several loyal Healths, and that of the Right Hon. Earl of Abingdon,

the Right Hon. Earl of Litchfield, &c. and the Day was concluded, not with Bonfires, but with all other Demonstrations of Respect and Esteem for this Noble Lord, and his worthy Colleague Sir James Dashwood, who, by their many excellent Qualities, and a most steady Regard to the Good of their Country, are in a *fair and honest* Way of becoming, not only the *Darlings* of *that Part*, but of *every Part* of Oxfordshire.

The Company were preceded by French Horns, and a Flag was carried before them; on one Side of which were the following Inscriptions:

PRO PATRIA.

NO BRIBERY, NO CORRUPTION.

INDEPENDENCE.

On the other Side:

WENMAN. DASHWOOD.

KING AND COUNTRY.

OLD ENGLAND.

OLD INTEREST.

LIBERTY, PROPERTY, INDEPENDENCY.

At the above Meeting a Rumour prevail'd, that Sir Edward Turner did *again* intend to offer himself a Candidate at the next General Election: Upon which an Extract of a Letter of his, dated some Time in August last, was publicly read; wherein, after expressing himself to the present worthy Candidates, in the genteelest Manner, He, in the strongest Terms, declines standing; and

and desires to put them to no farther Trouble or Expenſe. After which no *Gentleman* would give Credit to the Report."

" In *****ſhire they are in Confuſion from a Kind of *Diſorder*, which ſeems by *Appearances* to tend to a *Poll-Evil*; tho' Doctors differ in this Point, and the moſt learned Leaches doubt of its ever riſing to ſo great a Head: It is ſuppoſed to have been brought amongſt them by ſome *New Jobbers, Foreſtallers, and Underdealers*, who have lately infeſted the Ways and Markets in ſeveral Parts of that C——ty; and who, to the Detri- ment of the *old Fair Traders*, have introduced *contraband and infeſted Commodities*. Its Symp- toms have been very various; at firſt, tho' ſud- den, wild, and a little feveriſh, they were yet gentle, and inoffenſive; afterwards enſued a *total Laſſitude*, a *Stupor*, and the *whole Body* grew languid and inactive; ſince which, the feveriſh Symptoms have appeared more violent, and have exhibited their *internal Virulence*, by Convulſions, Diſtortions, *Turnings, Twiſtings, Keckings, Tri- flings, Inconſiſtencies* of all Kinds; *Sueings, Creepings, Crouchings, Spurnings, Kickings* of *Dirt* about, *Bitings*, and *Runnings-open-mouth'd* at the yet ſound and *uninfeſted* Part of the Herd. However, as all the *old Dealers* are ſo highly in- teſted in ſubduing this little *Fury*, 'tis not doubted, but, on thoroughly *canvaſſing* the Diſ- eaſe, proper Remedies will be applied, and that *Quiet and Repoſe* will ſoon be re-eſtabliſhed on their *old Baſis*."

To

To the AUTHOR, &c.

S I R,

AS I believe the following Receipt is a certain Remedy for the Disorder that at present rages in *****shire, you'll oblige me by giving it a Place in your Paper.

Take of the Herb call'd *Honesty*, two Ounces ;

Of *Eyebright*, three Handfuls ;

Of the Flowers of *St. John's-Wort*, one Ounce :

Infuse these in one Quart of *Right English Spirit* ; mix it with a sufficient Quantity of skimm'd, or what is commonly call'd *blue Milk* : Let the Patient *drink* plentifully, with *Freedom*, with *Liberty*.

N. B. *Salary* and *Penny Royal* are often minister'd in this, and *similar Cases* ; but as they are always hot and inflammatory, they are always pernicious to the *Constitution*, and are prescribed by *Empyricks* only. Yours,

D'ANVERS.

To the Gentlemen, Clergy, and Freeholders
of the County of *Oxford*.

WHEREAS in the Month of August last, a Meeting was appointed and held at the Cross Inn in Oxford, for the Nomination, not of Candidates in general to represent this County in the ensuing Parliament, but of such only as should
Support

Support what, in the *Advertisement* for that purpose, is call'd the Old Interest; And although it must be acknowledg'd to have been an Instance of no little Condescension in the Leaders of that Party, to indulge the Freeholders with any Share at all in the Nomination and Election of their Representatives in Parliament, the Trouble whereof a very few of the former had for many Years taken upon themselves; yet the greatest Part of the Noblemen, Gentlemen, Clergy, and Freeholders in the County of Oxford, being truly sensible of, and justly resenting the great Contempt and Disregard wherewith themselves and others have for a long Time been treated, and being unwilling to acquiesce any longer under such partial Nominations, are determined to assert their undoubted (tho' in this County almost forgotten) Right of nominating and electing their own Representatives; you are therefore desired to meet together on Thursday the 15th Day of this Instant February, at the Bear Inn in the City of Oxford, in order to consider of and nominate proper Persons to represent you in the ensuing Parliament; where it is hoped that such Candidates will be agreed upon, as are not only zealous Friends to His Majesty King GEORGE, and their Country in general, but will, to the utmost of their Power, support and maintain the Freeholders of the County of Oxford, in the full and free exercise of their just Rights and Privileges.

February the 6th, 1753.

As

As some Persons may be prevented coming to this Meeting, either through the Inclemency of the Weather, and the Badness of the Roads, usual at this Season of the Year, or on Account of the Shortness of the Days, (though this last Inconvenience will be in a great Measure removed by the Meeting being appointed at a Time when the Nights will be light) it is desired that such as, for any of the above or other Reasons, cannot be present on that Occasion, would signify by Letter their Sentiments in Relation to the Business to be then and there transacted.

AN Article having been inserted in the public Papers insinuating, that Sir EDWARD TURNER had precluded himself from appearing as a Candidate for the County of Oxford, at the next Election, and attempting to establish such Insinuation on an EXTRACT of a Letter of his dated some Time in August last; it is thought proper to produce the ENTIRE Letter, which was dispatched from Henley in Consequence of a Declaration made to a numerous Meeting of Gentlemen by Sir EDWARD TURNER, that HE DECLINED OPPOSING SINGLE the united Interests of Lord Wenman and Sir James Dashwood; but that he should be at the Service of the County if he should have the Honour to be put in Nomination, together with a Partner.

To the Reverend Dr. WALKER at New-
Inn-Hall.

S I R,

AS Lord Wenman and Sir James Dashwood have declared as Candidates, and you are a Friend to both those Gentlemen, I beg the Favour of you to present my Compliments, and to tell them, that since a Partner cannot be found to join me, I am dissuaded by my Friends, from opposing SINGLE the united Interests of Lord Wenman and Sir James Dashwood, I was not till now at Liberty to decline, but take this early Opportunity to prevent a Continuance of Expence and Trouble to the Candidates,

I am, S I R,

Henley, Aug. 21, 1752. Your most obedient Servant,

EDWARD TURNER.

The sooner you communicate the News the better.

Can it be imagin'd that the Author of this Letter is precluded from appearing, if he should be proposed, in Conjunction with another Candidate?

Upon the above Letter and the Introduction being published in the Whitehall Evening Post, the following QUERIES were proposed in the London Evening Post, Feb. 10th.

Quere I. **W**HEN Sir Edward Turner desired Dr. Walker, in his Letter to him from Henley, to signify his Intentions

tions of Declining; *Was there*, as is asserted in the Preamble, a *numerous Meeting* at that Place? Was that Meeting at all considerable, either in regard to the Number or Weight?

Quere II. Was not the *Smallness* of the Appearance the real Occasion of writing the Letter?

Quere III. Of what Signification is it, to print the Word *singly* in great Characters, when it immediately follows, *I was not 'till now at Liberty to decline*?

Quere IV. Did Sir Edward Turner, either by himself or Friends, ever desist from canvassing after the Letter was wrote?

Quere V. When a *single Gentleman* opposes *Two*, and desires them to put themselves to *no farther Trouble or Expence*; finding it to no Purpose for *One* to oppose the united Interest of *Two*—Are we to understand by this, that the *single Gentleman* absolutely declines? Or is it a *modest Request* to the two Gentlemen to lay quiet 'till somebody can be found that will join him, that he may have a *second Opportunity* of starting *fair*?

In the same Paper, with the above Queries, was the following Address to the Freeholders.

AN Advertisement for a Meeting of the Gentlemen, Clergy, and Freeholders of the County of Oxford, for Thursday the 15th Inst. has appeared in several publick Papers, and is also dispers'd about the County in single Papers; which

which Advertisement is most undoubtedly properly address'd. Yet that Freedom of Election, which is there so much labour'd to be establish'd, and which is the *undoubted Birthright* of those to whom it is address'd, and of *those only*; yet the *New Interest*, for such it is now high Time to Term it, seems even in *that* Advertisement, in a publick and *singular* Manner to exert itself, by assuring the honest Freeholders how much the Greatest Part of the *Noblemen* resent the great Disregard and Contempt with which themselves have been treated by the partial Nomination of *Gentlemen, Clergy, and Freeholders*; and are determin'd to assert *their undoubted Right of Nominating and Electing their own Representatives*, though in this County almost forgotten; I believe, never 'till now attempted to be asserted. How far the *Leaders* of *that Party* will condescend to *indulge* the Freeholders with that Share of Nomination and *Election of their Representatives*, which they inherit, their late new and unheard of Method of Canvass sufficiently demonstrates.

N. B. The foregoing Articles are chiefly collected from the public Papers, &c.—The Pieces which follow are many of them Originals; and the rest such as have been banded about in single Papers.

A short Letter to the FREEHOLDERS of
 OXFORDSHIRE.

GENTLEMEN,

YOU are said to have been long neglected; but no body can say you are so *now*; for through *your* Sides the Privileges of *all* the Commons of *Great Britain* have been most flagrantly attacked.—That P——rs do too often intermeddle in our Elections may be too true, but I believe you are the first Electors that, not only during the Continuance of the Parliament, but even during their Session, and almost at the very Hour that our Representatives unanimously passed a Vote, That *it is an high Infringement of your Liberties and Privileges, for any Lord of Parliament, or any Lord Lieutenant of any County, to concern themselves in the Election of Members to serve for the Commons in Parliament,* have had the Standard (as it were) of the L—d L——t set up amongst them. No Candidates proposed to you! No Names mention'd! but only “ *I beg the favour of your Votes for two worthy Gentlemen that will be set up by the D. of M, and L—d H——.*” Nay Porters, Chairmen, and the most abject and illiterate Fellows in the Streets of *London*, have canvass'd and wrote to you in this Style.—But sure we had better been for ever neglected than treated in so ignominious

minious a manner!—Let us be as tenacious of Privilege, as those in higher Rank are; we have not too much to boast of:—Let us defend the Dignity, and Authority of our Representative Body, by rejecting and condemning all incendiary Insinuations publish'd to draw off our Attention from this flagrant Insult upon it.—A Meeting now is appointed, at a short Warning; during the Session of Parliament, when your present worthy Representatives, and many others who have Freeholds in this County, may be obliged to be absent upon your Service; and yet this is to be a *general* Meeting! Could the Meeting be intended to be *general*, when several of your principal Freeholders must be liable to be taken into Custody for being at it? No: the Meeting was fixed at a Junto, and is *intended* to be partial; and the Resolutions taken there will be treated accordingly. Few, it is to be feared, will be at this Assembly who are determined, in Reality, however speciously they may Speech it, to support and maintain the Freeholders (I mean the Freeholders that are *Commoners*) *in the full and free Exercise of their just Rights and Privileges*.—It is one of our just Rights and Privileges that no Lord Lieutenant of any County should concern himself in our Elections, much less should dictate to us who shall be our Candidates; and I hope, notwithstanding any Attempts that may be made to the contrary, we shall see that Privilege vigorously asserted and maintained.—The High Privileges of the P——rs no honest Man will, no wise

wise Man dare call in Question: But to extend them at the Expence of the Commons will, it is presumed, be thought very unreasonable by every Commoner that hath not a Reversionary Right, or some probable Expectation of being one himself. I am,

GENTLEMEN,

Your most Obedient Servant,

AN ELECTOR.

A New MEMBER set up:

O R,

*An Epistle from T--- R---, Esq; to
Sir J--- D---, Bart. 1752.*

S I R,

SOME particular Avocations preventing my *personal* Appearance at your Meeting; in Compliance with your Advertisement I send you my *Inclinations*, which I beg you will propose as the only proper REPRESENTATIVE of the OLD INTEREST. My *Inclination* you know is a BOTTLE; and tho' I don't doubt having your VOTES for so Old a Friend, yet I cannot help offering to you the following *Reasons* for my thinking him well qualified for our MEMBER: For, is there any one who has been more constantly in our Company, or knows more of our
Secrets?

Secrets? And are we not constantly *open* to each other upon all Occasions? — Does he not Daily *instill* his *Principles* into us? Is he not the Life and Support of our Party? — And shall we not chuse him to represent *that* INTEREST which does not *subsist* but when he appears among us? — Does he not likewise bear a great *Similitude* to us? — For what are we but BOTTLES of a *large Size* that have Liquor constantly flowing in and out of us? — I may add, that he is the *Cause* and *Spring* of all our *Actions*: For what did *We* on a late *Occasion*; did *We* Fight, or Act, or did *We* even Talk but when *He* inspired us? — I know also no better Means of making our *Party* unanimous: For, let a BOTTLE be set up, and I will engage no Man of the OLD INTEREST will ever flinch from him. — I am resolved therefore, as usual, to *stand* by him as long as I am able; and if the Fates should so ordain it, I will *fall* by him likewise. — And as I am *conscious* that these are also *your Principles*, I will on that Account profess myself,

Your true and honest Friend,

T — R — .

P. S. I had almost forgot to mention how comfortable it would be to have him as a *Brother Member* in the House, that we might the better support the many dry Debates which you know *We* are never concern'd in.

Wenman

Wenman and Dashwood for ever!

Or, The OXFORDSHIRE GARLAND,

To be sung at Burford Races.

FRRIENDS and Neighbours attend,
And hear what an End

Of our Liberties some would endeavour,
How Men with Court-Places
Would strip off your Graces;—

A Wenman and Dashwood for ever!

Know then 'twas devis'd,
A Knight they much priz'd,
Who had not behav'd very clever,
To put up for your Votes,
And throw out, with turn'd Coats,

A Wenman and Dashwood for ever!

But shall Dukes and great Folks
On our Necks put the Yokes,
And Us from our Liberties sever?
No, no, we will vote,
And the Int'rest Support,

Of Wenman and Dashwood for ever!

Our Cause is so good,
Soon as the Knight stood,
He found that prevail he could never;
For, Corruption apart,
Each Man in his Heart

Is for Wenman and Dashwood for ever!

Let their Party so fly
Their faint Efforts try,
If Place-Men support they had rather:
We'll drink to, and sing,
Our Huzza's shall ring

With Wenman and Dashwood for ever!

(75)

—————

TRUE BLUE

S O N G,

UPON

TRUE BLUE PAPER.

L

FREEHOLDERS appear,
Never change, never fear,
But fill up your Glasses and sing;
Here's a Health to the State,
May our Monarch be great,
Here's a Health to the Church and the King.

D

Ye

II.

Ye good Men and True,
 Of the Livery Blue,
 Fill, fill up your Glasses and sing;
 Down, down with That Round-Head
 Who hates every Crown'd Head,
 And loves those who murder'd their King.

III.

Freeholders appear,
 Never change, never fear,
 But fill up your Glasses to Bumpers;
 What tho' they have Lent all,
 What tho' they have spent all,
 We fear not the Sons of the Rumpers.

IV.

Ye True Men and Bold,
 Of the Interest Old,
 Stick close to your Liquor like Leeches;
 Ne'er mind Master Trundle,
 Who looks like a Bundle,
 We heed not his fine moving Speeches.

Those

V.

Those Wife-Ones and Great
 Who went to a Treat,
 And there all so proudly did rank it,
 Whatever They think
 Were just on the Brink
 Of all being tofs'd in a Blanket.

VI.

These Wife-Ones and Great
 Who went to This Treat,
 How wretched dismayed were their Looks ;
 For the whole Flock of Geese
 Got Half over Seas,
 Yet cou'dn't get over the Brooks.

VII.

Suppose my Lord Sue
 Bids you bake, boil, and brew,
 Make a Fire and treat ev'ry Soul ;
 If you brew, if you bake,
 If a Fire you make,
 Ods-Blues you must Tick for the Cole.

Ye

VIII.

Ye good Men and Stout;
 Put the Bottle about,
 But be sure you don't toast my Lord Sney;
 If you come to his Back
 I'll give you a Keck,
 A Keck that will make you all spew.

IX.

Freeholders appear,
 Never Change, never fear,
 Bot fill up One Glas more, and sing—
 One Glas! —we'll drink Tea-Mas,
 To DASHWOOD and WENHAM,
 And all Friends to the Church and the King.

T H E

Ballad of Ballads:

O R,

A Fair SONG upon Fair PAPER.

I.

FREEHOLDERS appear,
A Change never fear,
Old Interest no more shall be heard;
For many True Blues
Have dy'd in their Shoes,
And the *Remnant* will soon be preferr'd.

II.

Here's a Health to his Grace
At yonder fine Place,
And all the brave Lords his Allies;
We'll try all our Might
But we'll turn out the Knight,
Tho' he pawn his Estate for Supplies.

III.

And tho' Master *W*——*n*
Be wiser than Ten Men,
Disappointment must fall to his Lot;
For as sure as a Gun
He is Daddy's own Son,
And can never be found in a Plot.

E

IV.

When their Hero drew near,
Whom they wish'd to appear,
And got drunk in his Cause very hearty;
Tho' he call'd for their Aid
They were all sore afraid,
And ran into a Cole-Hole like *B*——.

V.

Such brave Men and bold,
Of the Interest Old,
Confusion will still be their Doom;
Who drink for a Church
Which they leave in the Lurch,
And visit their Monarch at *Rome*.

VI.

To baffle the View
Of this Jacobite Crew,
We'll join in Great Marlbro's Alliance,
We will rally again,
And shew ourselves Men,
And bid Opposition Defiance.

A New SONG.

BEHOLD two brave Britons in Old England's
Cause,

Stand steady and firm to preserve our old Laws,
The good of the Nation is all they desire,
Your Votes for that Int'rest is all they require.

Derry down, &c.

Lord *Wenman* and *Dashwood* were both in surprize
To see Sir *E——d* act deep in Disguise,
He who had his Country like them at his Heart,
Now a Courtier is turn'd and don't mind it a F——t.

Derry down, &c.

Let *M——lb——gh* and *G——lf——d* their Interest try,
'Twill signify nothing, I'll tell you for why,
Old *Oxford* is honest, and so is the Shire,
And Liberty prize more than Thousands a Year.

Derry down, &c.

Dukes and Lords we don't mind, for a good
Country 'Squire,
Is oft more belov'd than those that are higher,
Let his canvassing Friends now lay by the Fight,
For by Jove they've no Chance against 'Squire
Cartwright.

Derry down, &c.

Then to *Wenman* and *Dashwood* fill fill up your
 Glafs,
 For the good of your Country round let it pass,
 And Courtiers to Parliament pray never send,
 For by them we shall all be made poor in the End.
Derry down, &c.

The English FREEHOLDER.

BRaveſt Lads that have ſo lately
 Drawn your ſwords for Church and Laws
 Sheath them not till you compleatly
 Crown by Zeal the glorious Cauſe.

*Then to Marlbro', glorious Marlbro'
 Give you Votes, your Hearts, your Voice,
 Our Liberties he'll ſhield from Danger,
 Then in a Bumper let's rejoice.*

Don't like Affes cloud your glory,
 Wou'd you change your Reds and Blues
 For the Livery of a Tory,
 For a highland *Plaid* and *Trews*?

Then to Marlbro', &c.

Wou'd you forſake great *George* for *Jemmy*,
 Falfely call'd a Prince's Son,
 A Warming-Pan was his dear Mammy,
 His Nurſe the *Whore* of *Babilon*.

Then to Marlbro', &c.

If you join such vile Abettors
Ye your glorious Prince oppose,
To whose Mercy they are Debtors,
Yet remain relentless Foes.

Then to Marlbro', &c.

If they are loyal ask the Reason
Why in Rebel Livery clad?
Why their Cups are fraught with Treason,
And every Health a Mystry made?

Then to Marlbro', &c.

Tell them, if they ask your Voices
For their hidden hinted thing,
If of such a Man your Choice is
You are Traitors to your King.

Then to Marlbro', &c.

Fiat is the Word in Fashion,
To the Word let's all agree;
Fiat is our Inclination,
To George and Marlbro' let it be.

Then to Marlbro', glorious Marlbro'
Give your Votes, your Hearts, your Voice,
Our Liberties be'll shield from Danger,
Then in a Bumper let's rejoice.

A New DIALOGUE
BETWEEN
A TURNER and a TWISTER.

To be sung to some Tune.

A Turner and a Twister
A Meeting had near B——
They had a warm Debate fir,
About Affairs of State fir,
And chusing Parliament Man.
And chusing——

The Turner's very fight wou'd
Title him Mirrour of Knighthood.
To Twister you would say fir,
An old Woman cloathed in grey fir,
Which is the better Man?
Which is the better——

The Knight brimful of Ire
Thus spoke to trusty Squire,
Some People out of Spight fir,
Have robb'd me of my Right fir,
Of being Parliament Man,
Of being Parl——

The Squire he said that truly
Since Folks are so unruly
Pluck up a Heart of Courage——
Wou'd you be Chip in Porrage?
You shall be a Parliament Man
You shall be a——

The Knight replied like Thunder
Odzooks is that a wonder ?

'Tis only changing Coats fir,
And that will get the Votes fir,

I will be a Parliament Man.

I will be a Parl——

Suppose we should tell Noses—

A Fig for your Supposes.

I fear not a Rebuke fir,

I have twelve Lords and a Duke fir.

I will be a Parliament Man.

You shall be a——

Your Squire who is a Jac-all

Will speak to Mr. B——

And if in Man any Trust is,

If there is such a Thing as a Justice,

You shall be a Parliament Man.

I will be a Parl——

Then out let's go a prowling,

The wicked call it Owling,

And as the Night grows darker

We'll visit Master P——

He'll make me a Parliament Man.

He'll make you a Parl——

But while these two were prating,

Madge who for Mice was waiting,

Perch'd on the Beam of a Barn fir,

And thinking no such Harm, fir,

To whoo, to whoot quoth Madge.

To whoo, to whoot——

At this the doughty Knight fir,

Man off in woeful plight fir,

And as to Friar Twister

He fairly all bepist her,

And has not been heard of since.

And has not been——

THE
Oxfordshire VOTERS
OR THE

Old County INTEREST.

Made by an honest Freeholder.

COME all you honest Voters,
Stand for your Country's Cause;
And send such Men to Parliament,
That will preserve our Laws,
And a voteing we will go, we'll go, we'll go,
And a voteing we will go.

There's WENMAN and DASHWOOD,
Two Worthies of Renown,
Who stand both firm and steady
To pull the Taxes down.
And, &c.

There is brave Noble CARTWRIGHT,
The World him cannot stain,
God bless his noble Family,
And send them long to reign.
And, &c.

There's HOLBICH of Farmborough,
Forget him we ne'er shall,
And ROWNEY brave of Oxford
Who builds the County Hall.
And, &c.

All these are Men of Honour,
That wish well to the King;
And stand in Opposition
'Gainst bringing Place-Men in.
And, &c.

Your Window-Tax you ne'er did pay
Till Place-Men did come in;
As for the Calves-Head Club-Men
We know they hate a King.
And, &c.

There are the Presbyterians
They all hang in a String;
And as for ~~Roll~~ th' Usurper
We know they brought him in.
And, &c.

God bless our King and Parliament,
Some honest Men there be;
Whose Lives and Fortunes they will spend
Before they'll take a Fee.
*And a voteing we will go, we'll go, we'll go,
And a voteing we will go.*

Let's join and keep out Turn-Coats,
Whatever they pretend,
If we listen to their Speeches
The Times can never mend,
*And a begging we must go, must go, must go,
And a begging we must go.*

A SONG in SEASON.

Attend ye *Freeholders* a Brother's plain Song,
 Nor knavish, nor foolish, too short nor too long :
 I'll promise you one Thing—'twill do you no hurt,
 If it does you no good—you shall pay nothing for't.
Derry down, &c.

Our Taxes have long been our daily Complaint,
 We slave for our Bread, yet our Bread almost want ;
 No wonder ! if Placemen our Dinners must carve,
 There's no Hope left for us—but only to starve.
Derry down.

Whilst Trade's carry'd on by some Dealer's in Town,
 By trucking t'advance themselves under the C——n ;
 And the C——n don't advance one Farthing we know,
 The Richer *These* get—the poorer *We* grow.
Derry down.

We're bought in the Country—We're sold at the C——t,
 The Market where Hucksters of this kind resort ;
 But if to the C——t no such Hucksters we send,
 Our Taxes must lessen—Our Sorrows must end.
Derry down.

Sir *Ned's* (like a Weather Cock) **TURNER** by Trade ;
 By Money, not Merit, *Sir Somebody* made :
 But let us such Knights not to Parliament send,
 Else our Taxes must rise——our Sorrows ne'er end.
Derry down.

First (his *Gown* thrown aside) he apply'd to the *Town*,
A Cit disenfranchis'd he then try'd the *Gown* ;
 Rejected by both as a **TURNER** of Note
 Who had first chang'd his *Gown*, and then turn'd his
 Coat.
Derry down.

His *Confessor* vouch'd him of *TORIES* a hater,
 But this would not do with our old *Alma Mater*;
 She knew *Knight* and *Friar* were both of a Hue,
 But as for *Herself* she was ever *TRUE BLUE*.

Derry down.

The *County* now made his last Shift and Resort,
 He sneaks to Lord *H.* Lord *M.* and *C—t.*
 But whate'er fine Tales such Pretenders may tell us,
 We'll have *Members* who'll *serve* us—not such as will
sell us.

Derry down.

A *Freeholder's* Counsel for once, *Neddy*, take;
 Your Wrongheaded *Friar's* bad Counsel forsake;
 For, if You're directed by Wrongheaded *The'*
 You'll find by and by you'll come off by the *Lee*.

Derry down.

Don't attempt to oppose the brave *D'Albwood* and
Wenman,

You'll never be able to poll one in Ten, Man;
 They despise all *bought Titles*, *begg'd Pensions* and *Place*
 As Baits to catch *Fools* of a *beggarly Race*.

Derry down.

Like *Wenman* be modest, like *Wenman* be true,
 No Assistance you'll want from Lord *H.* or *Sue*;
 Like *D'Albwood* be open, be generous, be free;
 Discard all Your *Pimps*, but especially *L—*.

Derry down.

Twelve Lords and a *Duke* cannot influence our Votes,
 Nor *Captains* nor *Bullies* can makes us *Turn Coats*;
 For *Freedom's* the Word; disunite we will never:
 You'll find 'tis a *Wenman* and *D'Albwood* for ever.

Derry down, &c.

A S O N G

Not out of S E A S O N.

By one of the New Interest.

ATTEND not, Sir *Ed—d*, the *Freeholders Song*
In Season, 'tis sty'd, but I think it too long:
 As an Answer then This shall not be too short,
 And, I hope, you ere long will pay me well for't.
Derry down, &c.

Of Taxes there's Reason, no doubt, to complain:
 But what's that to you, Sir?—Your Prospect is Gain:
 Gain your Point at all Hazards;—The more you'll
 deserve;—

In your Pow'r 'twill be the Freeholders to starve.
Derry down, &c.

Since Trading so briskly goes on at the C——t,
 And you thro' Freeholders must thither resort;
 On Freeholders freely your Money bestow;
 You'll be paid well *Above*—for Expences *Below*.
Derry down, &c.

In the Country I'd *buy*—at the C——t I would *sell*;
 Despise all Reflections;—'twill pay very well:
 If They're Fools enough *Hucksters* to Market to send,
 Let their Taxes increase; Their Sorrows ne'er End.
Derry down, &c.

Be T—— by Name, be Turner by Trade;
 By *trucking* already you're *somebody* made;
 And *somebody* bigger by *trucking* I'd be,
 And change with the *Cock*,—not come off by the *Lee*.
Derry down, &c.

Your Character thus far *already* is known;
 You've *Only* been false to the *Cits* and the *Gown*;
 To make your self perfect in *Merit* and *Fame*,
 To the *County* (observe me pray) do just the same.
Derry down, &c.

My Counfel too further, Sir E——d pray take;
 Pawn *Conscience*, sell *Honour*, and *Justice* forsake,
 A *Gibbet* deserve, or a *Goal*, let me press ye,
 Ev'n *Hell* too itself—* *Aliquis si vis esse*.
Derry down, &c.

Great *Bedwin* perhaps may be mention'd at last;
 Ne'er mind any *Censures* on *Brib'ry* past;
 Rejected for *Bribery* there——let them cry;
 By *Corruption* however once more I wou'd try.
Derry down, &c.

Hire *Bullies* in *Green* and poor *Captains* in *Red*,
 Who other *Mens* Coats wear, and eat others *Bread*,---
 Your *Dashwoods* to damn, or with *Clubs* to knock down,
 Or to draw their *brave* *Swords*----on those who have
None.
Derry down, &c.

As *Money* you have—let me add but this *Word*;
 No longer *Sir Ned* be,—but hence be *My Lord*;
 And *My Lord* (was I *Neddy*) by *Jove* I would be,
 If by *Pimps* I could get it——or even by *L*——.
Derry down, &c.

Ne'er be balk'd since a *Knight* of the *Shire's* your
Desire,
 Make Use of the *Pope*, of the *Devil* and *Friar*;
 With *Pimps* too in *Town* and in *Country* consort;
 If you gain but your *End*—'tis *Religion* at ——. *Derry down, &c.*

* In English " If you would be a Lord.

You're not very squeamish, nor too apt to blush;
 All Dictates of Conscience ne'er think worth a Rush,
 A *Hypocrite* be, and dissemble and lye,
 You'll get by't the *Devil and all* by and by.
Derry down, &c.

A Copy of VERSES in praise of A D V E R S I T Y.

ADVERSITY is very good
 For Body first—it stirs the Blood.
 View and admire my Lady Dainty!
 When well at Ease how Sick! how fainty!
 But sore distress'd she vaults on Saddle,
 True Amazon, and rides a straddle;
 Give's Butcher's Back an hearty thump,
 Come honest Knockdown “here's the Rump”—
 Drink off your Bumper at one Swallow—
 Huzza! my Lads—Hallow Boy, Hallow.

Adversity, as you will find
 Tends likewise to improve the Mind;
 For Men reduc'd to woeful Case
 Will exercise each Christian Grace.
 Thus **** was just when made to fret,
 And in a Passion paid *one* Debt.
 Hence *****'s ***e *devout* is grown,
 And builds a Church to *save* a Town.
 Hisses receives with humble Bow,
 Forgives his Foes—and sends a Cow.

M O R A L.

*The D— was Sick—the D— a Monk wou'd be,
 The D— was well—the Devil a Monk was He.*

BOOTS and SHOES:

Or, Advice to a Lady.

TO canvass for the Lord knows who,
 The Lord knows when and where,
 On Horseback leap'd the gallant *Sue*,
 Too lovely zealous Fair.

Her gorgon Eyes around she roll'd,
 Which look'd as if each flash wou'd
 Have star'd a Man to death, that poll'd
 For *Wenman* and for *Dashwood*.

And thus she rode full many a Mile,
 'Till all the Country hooted,
 And each Man to the next did smile
 To see a Lady booted.

Of *Jacobites*, most dreadful Sound!
 A Tale she form'd and spread it,
 Which not one single Fool was found
 So foolish as to credit.

Of *Rebels* too the Damsel sung
 But sung alas in vain;
 Tho' by her Looks and by her Tongue
 You'd think 'em here again.

Dear *Sukey* moderate your Zeal,
 Give Room for cool Reflection;
 Think how such Exercise will peel
 Your Bum and your Complexion.

You see how all the Neighbours laugh
 Then be advis'd sweet *Susan*,
 Indeed 'tis Time your Boots were off,
 Go home, and put your Shoes on.

THE
 NURSE and the CHILD.

TO please her peevish Child Nurse *L*—
 Threw out a gilded Ball,
 "Run, run my Dear, and fetch it me,
 "But take Care, don't you fall."

She set him down, but soon he found
 Alone he could not stand;
 And look'd full wishfully around
 For some assisting Hand.

The Ball continued running on,
 Poor *Neddy* sobb'd and sigh'd,
 And soon as out of Sight 'twas gone
 He laid him down and cry'd.

Poor Child, great Pity 'tis I trow,
 Such wicked Folks have cross'd it,
 I'll beat thy Nurse—Give me a Blow—
 'Twas naughty Nurse that lost it.

The Jolly BREWER.

SEE but *Yesterday's* Knight how Lordly he struts,
 With a Carcass the Size of his Ancestor's Butts;
 How He labours for Wit, as if he had Brains,
 And forgets that his Noddle's composed of Grains.
Derry down, &c.

From * *Hogsheds* of Money defend us, O Grace!
 Grant *they* may soon *Stoop*, whilst our Virtues increase,
 That Fountain flow'd Gold you've experienc'd it so,
 As it came by the *Tub*; by the *Tap* let it go.
Derry down, &c.

If Sam DASH—WORT the *Brewer*, who took so
 much pains,
 To hoard up his Gold by the help of his Grains,
 Could but see the *Hoops* fly, good Lord! how he'd
 rail,
 He'd bounce like his *Corks*, and would fret like his *Ale*.
Derry down, &c.

Then prithee, Sir Knight, if you choose to be wise,
 Remember for once your Great Grand Father's rise;
 Knock down your great House and set up your *Copper*,
 Your Pockets will mend by the *Mill* and the *Hopper*.
Derry down, &c.

Think not of Elections, you'll not be the Man,
 You'll lose it in spite of your *Cup* and your *Cann*,
 Take my L—y's Advice, and thrust in your *Spickett*,
 And when the Drink's stopt, you may shut up your
Wickett.
Derry down, &c.

* A favourite Expression of a certain Candidate, that he
 had tapp'd a Hogshhead of Money.

The *Jolly* BREWER's Reply
To the *Lean* FRIAR.

WHILST I strut like a *Lord*—like my *Buts* I
am full ;
Like a *Herring* you're shotten—less *Belly* than *Skull* ;
And whilst You compose my *Noddle* of *Grains*,
I wish I could say—You're a *Head* with some *Brains*.
Derry down, &c.

O'er my *Hogsheads* of *Money* could you but say *Grace*,
The *Droppings* at *Tap* might your *Virtues* increase ;
Choice Virtue 'twould be!—Your *Tradesmen* all say—
Could you *stoop* to my *Tap*—thence their *Bills* but
to pay. *Derry down, &c.*

Sam Dashwood's fair *Pains* got together his *Treasure*.
You know *Who* got *His*—by selling *short* *Measure* ;
One! who ne'er at his *Brewer* dar'd venture to rail,
Knowing well what he got by retailing his *Ale*.
Derry down, &c.

On *Ratcliffe High Cross*, at the *Sign* of the *Ship*,
In *Sleeves* and *blue Apron* he vended his *Flip* ;
And had he not found the *Sweets* of the *Copper*,
At a *Gin Shop* your *Knight* must have now been a *Hopper*.
Derry down, &c.

Then prithee poor *Friar*, now take my *Advice* ;
Don't talk any more of your *Knight's* noble *Rise* :
Remember thro' *Tap-Lap* that notable *Man*,
Enrich'd your *Dear Boy* by the *Cup* and the *Cann*.
Derry down, &c.

Your *Noddle's* but weak sure!—to make the word *Spigot*
 A Poetical *Spelling* or Rhime to a *Wickett*;
 Your Brethren at *Pindus*—that Poetical Crew!
 Will rejoice at a Point——so *Spick—et—Span* New.
Derry down, &c.

When more *Wit* you would print than you've published of late
 (For *Puns* are the Off-spring and Wit of a *Pate*)
Imprimatur from *Lummy* (your Bookseller) have,
 And He'll swear 'tis his own—*Your Credit* to save.
Derry down, &c.

Since *Hogsheads* of Wealth come from *Hogsheads* of Beer,
 The Fame of *Sam Dabwood* will ever be dear:
 But had he a tricking Knave been in *South-Sea*,
 I'd have deem'd *tricking T*——as honest as *He*.
Derry down, &c.

My *Butts* are well *Hoop'd*, my Beer pale and fine;
 My Cellars well stock'd with *Arrack, Rum* and *Wine*;
 And my Liquors of all Sorts I'll freely let fly,
 For no Honest Freeholder shall go from me dry.
Derry down, &c.

No Tenants shall find me,—when Rent they would pay,
 Or denying them Beer—or their Horses my Hay:
 Let your *Cousin* do That, and hear their just Curses
 For locking his Stable against their poor Horses.
Derry down, &c.

The poor Widow shall not of my *Justice* complain;
 For *unjustly* I never will put one to Pain;
 Cruel Scourgings, with other Inventions to teaze,
 Can none but a *Justice* unjust ever please.
Derry down, &c.

Nor to stop up my Drink your Advice can I take;
 Your Advice may be offer'd for *Dear Neddy's* Sake:
 My *Hogsheads* when low, to convince you, I'll squeeze,
 What a Friendship I have e'en for *Dregs* and for *Lees*.
Derry down, &c.

A New SONG.

GOD save great *Mariborough's* Duke,
 Who does our foes Rebuke,
 He is our Choice.

Forty long Years and more,
 We have oft counted o'er,
 But we're forgot before,
 Robb'd of our Voice.

Marlborough demands our Praise,
 Behold how former Days,
 Now rise in him.

In Camp and Council great,
 His Blood will ne'er retreat,
 All Nations can repeat,
 Honour to Him.

Next Brave Earl *Macclesfield*,
 He has now took the Field,
 To meet our Foes.

Come every loyal Friend,
 And your Assistance lend,
 That he may gain his End,
Parker propose.

Harcourt with zealous care,
 Forms us a royal Heir,
 To love our Laws.

He with Fidelity,
 Will support Liberty,
 With Purse, with Heart and Glee,
 To gain our Cause.

Cbedworth and loyal *Cope*,
Give us both Heart and Hope,
We shall not fall.

Lentball who gave them Chace,
And made their Tongues to cease,
Horde dares them to their Face,
With Sword and Ball.

Guilford whose honest Heart,
Will also bear a Part,
In him Confide.

Blanford will rise my Boy,
Newbam will give us Joy,
Both will join to destroy,
Jacobite Pride.

Breerton whose faith is True,
Hates a Rebellious Crew,
He'll with them deal.

What is an honest Heart?
Not he who flings the Dart,
At our most vital Part,
Our Country's Weal.

Warm ev'ry loyal Breast,
Let's all their Threats resist,
Heaven points the way.

Then let our Voices Sing,
To *George* our gracious King,
Tho' the Bells must not Ring *
We will Huzza.

* Alluding to the Bell-Ropes being cut at Chipping-Norton, by a Jacobite Parson.

Another New SONG.

ROUZE up great *Marlborough*
Thy noble Spirit O!
And save us all.

Down with each Jacobite,
And with each Tory Knight,
Or we are ruin'd quite,
Dreadful Downfall!

Fears for the Good Old Cause,
In the midst of our Joys,
Tears from us draw;

O! how my Heart doth ache,
Sir *Edward* for thy Sake,
It surely soon will break

With Grief—O Law!

Stop, stop thy Small Beer O!
And toast Great *Marlborough*
In Wine or Ale;

Fill up thy Glasses high,
And let thy Guineas fly,
Nor against Bribery
Any more rail.

Old *Christmas* is turn'd out,
And thou art turn'd about,
TURNER for ever!

Since that our Style is new,
So shall our Members too,
Who to please Lady S—
Eke shall endeavour.

Society Royal
So learn'd and loyal,
Chymists and Quacks;
Almanack-Makers all,
Butterfly-takers all,
And you Wise-acres all
Leave your Gimcracks;

Set to work all your Brains,
And employ all your Pains
To splice the String,
Which a damn'd *Jacobite* *
Has cut and spoiled quite,
Merely to vex and spite
Our noble King.

To *Chipping-Norton* speed
And view this horrid Deed
Of DOCKERAY;
O! how he pleas'd the POPE
When he curtail'd the Rope
And so begloom'd our hope-
ful Holiday.

Since then we cannot ring,
Let them sing that can sing,
And the rest say;
For twelve Lords and a Duke,
H—d, J—ll, L—t—l, PUKE
And my Lord Lady *S—*
Huzza! Huzza!

* A Name given to every one whose Character admits
of no other Reflection.

Chorus of True Blues.

Those that for Placemen ring,
In the Ropes let them swing,
Then shall *True Britons* sing

HUZZA! HUZZA!

T H E

Double Metamorphosis.

A Letter from Lord Sue to Lady Femmy.

I.

A Greed----we change----the *Male* I'm
grown,
The *Female* we know which is,
Take then my Petticoat and Gown
And give to me your Breeches.

II.

Nay, never flinch,----In *Coats* 'tis clear
That I am still a true *Man*;
And whether Hat or Cap you wear,
You'll prove the same----a *Woman*.

III.

Deny you this?----of this I know
Two Proofs as plain as can be;
Ask *H---d* and *L---t---ll* they can shew
The Place where they *unman'd* ye.

IV.

What then can chaste *Susannah* fear?
Would any *Elder* wrong Her?
You would—but You she must declare
An *Elder* now no longer.

V.

Your useless Arms she loudly claims,
Her Distaffs take, and Spindles;
I rise Lord SUE—but poor Sir *James*
To Lady JEMMY dwindles.

Lord SUE without Breeches.

I.

WELL *Susan*—now it is agreed
The *Man* and *Woman* which is,
'Tis marvellous that you should need
My Friend Sir *Jemmy's Breeches*.

II.

Poor K—ck's no longer then you chuse,
For larger you've Inclinations;
His *Breeches* *Jemmy* wo'nt refuse,
But cannot lend his *Linings*.

III.

Don't fret that you're deny'd the Thing
Which constitutes a true *Man*,
Your Poet (this obtain'd) might sing
Sir *James* was truly *Woman*.

H

(54)

IV. .VI

Proofs offer'd then by *Gamesters* two,
To Credit must be shocking ;
But such are most admir'd by You,
Who live by *Cards* and *Cocking*.

V. .V

Oh! chaste *Susannab*, drop thy Fears,
For *Elders* cannot please Thee,
And *Young*—Ones (now thou'rt got in *Years*) : I
I'm sure will never tease thee.

VI.

In vain you claim my *Jemmy's Arms*,
You've nothing worth his *Spindle* ;
Your *Distaff's* old, your fancied *Charms*,
To *Paint* and *Wrinkles* dwindle.

A doleful Lamentation :

ON THE

Loss of a pair Breeches belonging to
the late Sir J-----s D-----d.

O R,

Lady *Jemmy's* Answer to her Fair *Antagonist*.

O Spare me, FAIR-ONE, or I die ;
How can you so abuse one ?
Inhuman Wretch ! you make me cry,
Be quiet Lady S—f—n.

Did not the World my *Manhood* own,
 Till you a *Lady* sty'd me?
 My *Breeches* call'd I not my own,
 Till you of those beguil'd me?

How can you take my dear *True Blues*?
 Have you no tender Feeling?
 And must they then be *Lady S**;
 And keep her *Bum* from peeling?

Where are your *Breeches*? Folks will cry:
 What! has a *Lady* got 'em?
 O *COTTON*! lend me yours, for I
 Have lost my own *BROAD BOTTOM*.

With these I'll gain my *lost Esteem*,
All's button'd up and clever;
 A *Man* I am—at least I *seem*
 As good a *Man* as ever.

A New BALLAD.

To the Tune of, *The Women all tell me I'm false to my Lads*.

IN *Oxford* fair County some Folks make a Rout,
 But let us consider what 'tis they're about;
 Why all is concerning the chusing a Knight,
 Who has oft turn'd his Coat, but never turn'd Right.

Some cry up this T—r, but sure they're to blame,
 For what can a *Turncoat* from honest Men claim?
 There's no one can trust him by Night or by Day,
 And all will depend on his Pension and Pay.

Then to the Old Int'rest let's firmly abide,
For as to the New it is nothing but Pride,
Nor can they maintain it without our old Friends,
Then stick to the Tack and they can't have their Ends.

To *Wenman* and *Dashwood* we'll fill up the Bowl,
For *Wenman* and *Dashwood* we'll chearfully Poll,
The Good of our Country they're sure to maintain,
Who scorn to take Titles or Places of Gain.

Then join my brave *Britons* together and sing,
Nor doubt of Success in the midst of the Spring,
Since Turnings the Fashion the Glafs turn about,
And may we all once more see *Neddy* turn'd out.

And as for his long-look'd-for Friend, on my Troth,
His fine moving Speeches are nothing but Froth;
Our Time he has alter'd and turn'd it about,
So he like *Old Christmas* shall too be turned out.

Tho' Lords and great Placemen do with him combine,
'Twill signify nothing, when honest Men join;
Drink *Wenman* and *Dashwood*, and stand to the Tack,
We want no *old Turner* nor *new Almanack*.

A S O N G.

To the Tune of, *Come let us prepare.*

LET's drink to those Knights
That stand by our Rights,
And Placemen, and Pensioners quash wou'd;
They're such Men as these
Our Taxes must ease,
Then here's to a *Wenman* and *Dashwood*.

Those fine Men in Place,
 In Cockades and Lace,
 Who with the Old Interest clath wou'd,
 With Sorrow shall see
 Old Oxfordshire's free,
 And will have a *Wenman* and *Dashwood*.

To lead us awry,
 All Tricks they will try,
 And Bribe us too with our own Cash wou'd;
 But let them be taught,
 We're not to be bought,
 Still honest to *Wenman* and *Dashwood*.

Shou'd Women in Grief
 Apply for Relief,
 They lay o'er their Backs a long *Lasb* wou'd;
 But kind, Debonair,
 And true to the fair,
 Have ever been *Wenman* and *Dashwood*.

Your Sex ~~Ladies~~ *S*
 You've chang'd, it is true,
 Or you perhaps also they thrash wou'd;
 Astride on the *Ramp*
 In vain whip and thump,
 You kick against ~~the~~ *Wenman* and *Dashwood*.

When Ladies delight
 Such Verses to write,
 As all modest Women abash wou'd,
 We give then, for Rhymes,
 A Touch on — the Times;
 And with them — a *Wenman* and *Dashwood*.

When with a fine Speech,
 Lords wou'd us o'er-reach,
 And Freeholders trick with such trash wou'd;
 We laugh all the while
 At their new-fangled **STYLE**,
 And Hollâ out *Wenman* and *Dashwood*.

Then join Hand in Hand,
 And stiffly let's stand,
 Nor mind those that cut a fine Flash wou'd;
 Be Freeholders true
 To honest **TRUE BLUE**,
 And Huzza for a *Wenman* and *Dashwood*.

An *English* SONG.

COME fill up your Glasses, all, fill them yet higher,
 Gay Mirth is the Scourge of Fanaticks and Knaves;
 Fair Liberty only such Joys can inspire,
 Whilst Dullness and Sorrow attend upon Slaves:
 To *Wenman* and *Dashwood* let all Hearts be true,
 And th' Old Interest flourish tho' *Christmas* be New.

Deserted by Cowards, by Villains betray'd,
 As *Englishmen* still we may venture to think;
 Replenish the Glasses, we'll not be afraid,
 'Tis only *Excise*, and not *Treason* to drink:
 To *Wenman* and *Dashwood* our Hearts shall be true,
 And, &c.

Let's think on the Taxes, on Soap, Starch, and Salt,
 Glafs, Candles, Tobacco, Tea, Coffee, and News;
 On Hops, Cyder, Perry, Mum, Ale, Beer and Malt,
 Land, Windows, Gin, Brandy, Boots, Breeches, and
 Shoes;
 Then *Wenman* and *Dashwood* will find our Hearts true
 And, &c.

The Courtier will never relieve us, we know,
 Who fattens on Duties, and feasts on Excise;
 Redress from the Bottle will chearfully flow,
 If Mirth and good Liquor can — open our Eyes,
 And *Wenman* and *Dasbwood* still find our Hearts true,
 And, &c.

Shou'd Pensioners, Placemen and G—bl—rs combine
 To Chain us, or starve us, yet still shall they see
 Success will her Hand with Honesty join,
 And *Britons* be happy that dare to be free;
 To *Wenman* and *Dasbwood* all Hearts shall be true,
 And, &c.

Then fill up your Glasses, all, fill them yet higher,
 Our Mirth be the Terror and Envy of Knaves;
 May Liberty True *English* Hearts still inspire,
 And born to be free let us scorn to be *Knaves*.
 To *Wenman* and *Dasbwood* such Hearts will be true,
 And th' Old Interest flourish tho' *Christmas* be new.

A Good-enough BALLAD, on a
 Bad-enough SUBJECT:

O R,

The *Benson* Heroine well disciplin'd.

COME and listen to my Ditty,
 Which (believe me) 's not a Joke;
 It must claim some Share of Pity
 From the stoutest Heart of Oak;
 But to ward off Melancholy
 I shall give you this Relief;
 Laugh you may at *Jacky's* Folly
 Whilst you pity *Mary's* Grief.

At *Bensan* late was held a Meeting,
 Which caused many Hearts to rue;
Lords, and *Knights* were *Beggars* Treating
 In favour of the *Lord knows Who*;
 In circling Bumpers Healths were toasted
 To George and all his Royal Race,
 The Church (poor Thing!) not once was boasted,
 'Twas like a *Courtier* in Disgrace.
 Liquor reigning——Reason vanish'd,
 My Lord and Sir was all the Song;
Dashwood's Blues must all be banish'd,
 Thus the Fracaw first begun;
 Like Bears with ragged Staffs The *Bruisers*,
 The *Hinds* first taking by their Throats,
 Knock'd down, as impudent Refusers,
 Ev'n Those who *bad*—or had not Votes,
 Give me now your close Attention
 To a Circumstance most true,
 Which from me you've Leave to mention
 Of a Soldier once True Blue;
 How He beat a daring Woman,
 (One of *Amazonian* Race;
 One who car'd a Fig for No Man)
 For roaring *Dashwood* to His Face.

The Captain stripp'd — and boldly facing
 His Foe, like Soldier of Renown,
 Scorning Armour as debasing,
 Naked knock'd the Woman down;
 A Glorious Conquest This did Threaten,
 And o'er the *Blues* he'd gain'd the Day;
 When lo! the *Bruisers* all were beaten,
 And He most bravely run away.

Read the Annals of all Nations,
 Of England, France, of Port——and Spain;
 The Voyages, Battles, and Vexations
 Of jolly Sailors on the Main;
 No Act you'll find so truly Noble,
 Not one Exploit by Land or Sea,
 Tho' you all o'er shou'd tramp the Globe well;
 Grant Heav'n no other such may be.

What shall We do now for poor *Johnny*,
 Who in our Cause appear'd so brave?
 Let's whip a *Tester* —— 'twill be Money;
 And Money *Johnny* needs must have;
 We'll next transmit to future Ages
 His truly meritorious Fame;
 To Women, Children, and to Sages
 Be't known that G——b's his Name.

The COMPLAINT: OR, NIGHT THOUGHTS.

NUMBER I. To be continued.

—— *Cum sis nihilo sapientior, ex quo
 Plenior es, tamen uteris monitoribus isdem.*

Since for your Wealth you're ne'er the Wiser,
 Shall L—— for the future still be your Adviser.

HOW blest'd were my Days when I spent them
 at Cricket,

Not shunn'd by the Good, nor abus'd by the Wicked?

No Mobs nor Elections then run in my Head:

But about my own Garden I prettily play'd.

Derry down, &c.

Till I heard a small Voice, as the' 'twere a Spirit,
 Say--Knight know yourself; and regard your own merit,
 A Man with your Purse should in Parliament be—
 'Twas some Dæmon, I thought: but alas! it was L—
Derry down, &c.

Shall the Fates shew you to us and then take you
 from us?
 It ne'er shall be said—I'll to my Friend Thomas—
 Such Worth of the City He'll surely make free,
 'Twas an Angel I thought—but alas! it was L—
Derry down, &c.

Now nought but Debates fill'd my Imagination:
 On me seem'd to rest the whole Fate of the Nation,
 Already, methought, I had charm'd the whole House,
 And the Minister trembled whenever I rose.
Derry down, &c.

When from the ball'd Pate of a blasted old Oak,
 A Raven was heard on the left Hand to croak—
 Sir Knight, you this Instant disfranchis'd must be—
 'Twas the Devil, I thought; but alas! it was L—
Derry down, &c.

The Gown will do Justice to Merit, he said;
 (So I went to each College and *patted it's Head.*)
 The *Heads* I found pliant and *tender* enough,
 (Like Asparagus boil'd) but the *Bodies* were tough:
Derry down, &c.

With us never fear, you can't possible fail,
 (And He then was a Head, tho' now he's turn'd Tail)
 But the Heads and the Members they could not agree.
 'Tis the Devil, thought I: but alas; it was L—
Derry down, &c.

Since the Gods (sayshe) fail us, the Devil we'll move,
 There's a Conjuror lives not many Miles off:
 Throw yourself at his Feet; and he in requital,
 If you'll change your *Old Stile* may procure you a
 Title—
Derry down, &c.

So to him we went—His Behaviour was civil.
 Hey-day! Sir, (quoth he) how came you to the Devil?
 I found my Reception was like to be cool:
 So dropp'd my Design and came off like a Fool.

Derry down, &c.

And since to no Purpose both Sides I have courted,
 By old Friends despis'd, by new unsupported,
 I'll e'en sit me down, by Experience grown wiser,
 And curse my light Conduct and lighter Adviser.

Derry down, &c.

For should I return to them that oppose me,
 They'll say I'm so alter'd that no Body knows me.
 I could ne'er have behav'd were it not for that pimp—
 So oddly, so idly, so sadly, so simply.

Derry down, &c.

PLAIN TRUTH.

Some *QUERIES* propos'd by an *Honest*
Cobler to his Brother *Freeholders*.

QUERY I.

WHETHER are *those* Men the most proper to represent this County, who in a *late Danger* supported it, and offer'd their *Fortunes* in Defence of it; or *those*, who on the same Occasion *fled* from and forsook it? Whether *those* in short, who by their *Assistance* preserved their Country, or *those* who by their not *assisting* shew'd they were *unwilling* that their Country should be **PRESERVED**?

QUERY

QUER Y II.

To Whom should a *Freeholder* give his *Vote*? Should he give it to *Them*, who have *robb'd* him of that *Privilege* for almost half a *Century*; or to another Set of Men, who now generously offer Him an *Opportunity* of *asserting* it? And does not *Gratitude* require, that he should choose those as his *REPRESENTATIVES* in *Parliament*, to whom He in reality owes the *Right* of being *TRULY REPRESENTED*?

QUER Y III.

Which is the real and *TRULY* *OLD INTEREST* of this Country? Is it not the *Support* of our *Religion*, our *Liberties*, and our *Constitution*? Or is it the *Support* of a *DISCONTENTED PARTY*, headed by the *Lord knows who*, in *Defence* of the *Lord knows what*, neither acting by *Design*, nor actuated by *Principle*?

QUER Y IV.

Or if there is any farther *Meaning* in what is now call'd the *OLD INTEREST* must it not signify the *Interest* of some *FAMILY* that *preceded*, what is at present on the *Throne*, and the *Interest* of some *RELIGION*, that *preceded* that *pure one* which is at present *establish'd* in *Britain*? And if wise Men thought these formerly too *grievous* to bear, what shall we think of those, who could even wish to *bring them back*, on the idle *Pretence* of *SENIORITY*?

The - E N D.